

JAN 15 2024



1 Crude stone head and
coarse pottery from cult
site, Brønderslev, Denmark

I put John Cale on and opened Bernadette's book. The last dream I had was that of a new friend kissing my forehead for protecting the ir coffee.

Bernadette says the state of things in dreams could kill friendship if it was told.

Bernadette mentions something called Sabine about a murdered old poet. It took longer than expected to find that it is a book by a crime novelist named Nicolas Freeling, from nineteen seventy six. He started writing in prison. He stole veal from a restaurant.

I listened to Cynthia Dall next and drank a smoothie. I think Hannah makes the same smoothie. We also wear the same shirts and put things in the drawers of our matching sidetables.

Cynthia died with an unfinished album at the age of forty one. That is only a few years away for me. I can only live for the music of my unfinished album until I can't.

I ate a hot dog by the beach. I said hello to fifteen different sea birds between the hot dog and the edge of the sea. Then I started recording myself talking to the sea birds with my phone.

I looked at fragments of shells and glass in the sand. The beach in winter is very thought-provoking, which made me laugh.

I don't have to worry about a sunburn under my knit hat, scarf up over my nose, oversized coat, sweater, long sleeves, flannel-lined pants.

I don't want people to hear what I'm saying, but I'd like for them to hear what I have to say.

I read more of Bernadette's book from a rocky jetty. I read it aloud, still recording from my phone. It might be nice to listen to the waves behind Bernadette's words later. It would be a romantic exchange to send such audio files back and forth with someone.

Yesterday I read a book by Mariel Spark in which she describes a certain type of single woman who goes to lectures, lives on honey and nuts, and drives off into the hills.

I didn't go to a lecture but I did watch Austin Powers and drink eggnog. And then I drove into the hills.

I stood in Emily Dickinson's bedroom hours later. She composed original music on her piano but it was never written down, or someone threw it out. We can only know it as it was once described at the time: mysterious.

Exactly one hundred and seventy years before Bernadette's December twenty second, Beethoven premiered his fifth and sixth symphonies. A couple decades later, he was found wandering an Austrian street looking into people's homes, yelling I am Beethoven as he was arrested.



I had a disappointing dream last night. Not like the more interesting dreams I've written down since last December twenty second.

I selected Mix #9 from a playlist menu

I used a mandocello in a sentence

I described the poetry of science in a hospital cafeteria

I was forced to go on a tour of Martha's Vineyard and kept saying ~~if~~ I've been there before

Someone's ex saw me and said loudly I don't care for you but I need some advice.

I posted our band practice recordings online without permission

I invented instant pancake mix packets for single servings

Neil Halstead's math or recruited me to be his girlfriend after saying you seem normal